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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Instead of Trying to Make Over Your Husband or Doping Yourself With Hopes of a Rosy Future, Why Not Face Facts and Make the Most of Things as They Are?—Acceptance Brings Peace.

"I'M NO POLLYANNA," said a woman to me the other day. "I have never been able to get any kick out of saying to myself that it is a lovely sunny day when it is raining cats and dogs. Neither have I ever been able to kid myself into thinking it is an error of mortal mind when I have a jumping toothache."

"On the contrary, when it is raining it seems to me that it is about the hardest shower that I ever saw. And when I am sick and miserable I know I am sick and miserable, and I want to look sick and miserable and have everybody to tell me how sick and miserable I am."

"But I have evolved a system of philosophy out of which I get a lot of comfort and sustaining, and it consists in just looking facts squarely in the face and accepting them and making the best of them."

"I USED to live on hope, which is a good deal like living on dope. I would have visions of miracles being wrought in my behalf—of people's dispositions being changed, of special talents being granted, of fortunes dropping from the skies. Of course, they never happened and I was myself out in anguish of expectation that always ended in disappointment."

"But I no longer try to drag my mind into believing that things are going to be the way I want them to be just because I want them to be that way. I recognize that they are as they are and I set about making the best of them on that platform. I find out that when you make up your mind to bear a thing and not worry over it, the worst of it is over. It is the kicking against the inevitable that wounds you so. It is the struggle against the impossible that wears you to a frazzle."

"FOR EXAMPLE, I am one of the innumerable women who are compelled to live with a disagreeable mother-in-law. For years I was nearly driven wild by her nagging, by her ceaseless flow of advice and suggestions and interference and by her never-ending criticisms of everything I did and didn't do."

"But no more. I have quit torturing myself by thinking how terrible it is I have to stand her and how happy and peaceful my home would be without her. I have just accepted the fact that as long as she lives I must endure her and take care of her, and I have learned to shut my ears to her complaints, so that really half the time I don't even hear what she is saying."

"I used to brood over the acid remarks she would make about my housekeeping and the way I raised my children and my gardening around instead of staying at home and darning socks. But now I just laugh at them and shrug my shoulders and say to myself that it is all in the day's work, and the result is that she has no longer the power to make me unhappy."

"MY HUSBAND is one of the best and kindest of men, and one of the most untidy that ever lived. He has a rooted belief that nothing can shake that the proper place to hang up clothes is on the floor and he scatters his belongings as he goes from one end of the house to the other. For him merely to pass through a room leaves it a wreck."

"For years I almost worked myself into nervous prostration and nearly drove him to divorce trying to teach him to be neat and orderly. Then suddenly it dawned on me how much less neat and tidy it would be on my nerves and disposition to pick up after him than it was to be in a perpetual row with him over not putting everything in its proper place."

"I SUPPOSE every girl thinks that the man she marries is going to be a great success, and that he is at least going to be a money-maker. I know I did, and although we married on a shoestring, we lived for years on a great strain trying to keep up with people who were better off than we were. My, those terrible days when we would do without meat for a month to give a dinner party! When I would work my fingers to the bone making over my clothes so that my best friends wouldn't know them! When the rent collector was a figure of doom and the first of the month a nightmare!"

"Finally I faced the fact that John was just a plodder and would never make a fortune, and that while we might be sure of bread and butter, we would never be able to afford cakes. So we just gave up the struggle to try to appear rich and fashionable and settled down into the financial class in which we belonged. We gave up our smart friends before they could give us up and we went to live in a neighborhood among people who were no better off than we were. And we are happy and contented and well off, instead of eating our hearts out in envy at genteel poor or working ourselves to death at a life of keeping up appearances."

"IT SEEMS to me that, if women would just adopt my little bit of homespun philosophy of accepting their lives as they are, instead of repining because they are not something else, it would do more than any other one thing to make them happy. For what is the use of yearning for the moon that you can't get and that you probably would find made of green cheese if you did get it? Far better to make the most of the good electric bulb you possess."

"Why can't the woman who has no attraction for men content herself with a good job and a fat pay envelope and centre her interests on a career, instead of breaking her heart in longing for the man she will never get?"

"WHY can't the woman who has been tortured for years by the phantoms of an unfaithful husband thank Heaven for a good riddance of bad rubbish when he finally elopes and settle herself to enjoy the remainder of her life in peace, instead of wearing the willow for him?"

"Why can't the woman who is married to a man who can't be prised away from his friends or an evening quit nagging him about taking her out and get her fill of amusements in the afternoon?"

"WHY can't the woman whose husband never pays her a compliment have sense enough to realize that his marrying her was proof positive that he considered her the paragon of her sex?"

"Why can't all women just make up their minds to take their husbands as is, as the shipping manifests say, and make the best of what they have got?"

"PERHAPS, in a way, this is a sort of surrender to fate; but, believe me, there is a lot of peace under the white flag."

DOROTHY DIX.

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CUT OUT No. 10

How One May be Correctly Gowned for Evening Bridge



By MME. LISBETH

THERE is a correct costume for every occasion, you know, from early morning until bedtime, and while one may make one dress do for numerous occasions, it is nice to know just what frock is absolutely proper.

At the left above is the proper frock for the evening bridge.

It is composed of shimmering satin and gold and silver metal cloth, the bodice a shining corset of solid color with large flowers applied or embroidered across the lower part.

The skirt section is a lacy drapery with a hem that hangs in points over a straight slip. In just what respect this bridge gown differs from a dancing frock it would be hard to tell, but you may rest assured that if you pattern after it you will be correctly gowned for the next evening bridge you give or attend.

Next to the bridge frock is the wrap that might well accompany it. It is a velvet creation of gray and black, the upper part, including the puffed collar, being of the gray and the entire lower section black. The hem is cut into deep, wide, pointed folds.

In fact, the whole lower part is cut in layers of petals of black velvet with slithering carrying out the leaf effect.

Another handsome evening costume (right) shows a version of the black and white scheme. A long tunic of cream satin is posed over a black slip, the bottom of the blouse is all around, and shaped in points.

Two handsome velvet wraps worn at the opera in New York recently were of rich Parma and dove gray respectively. The Parma model had a bolero collar evolved by tuxedo cordings. The dove gray had a deep yoke worked out by allover colored embroidery and topped by a collar of kit fox.

Black velvet dresses were also prominent on this occasion, several versions being combined with real lace. One took the form of a capulet which fell just over the arms in front to suggest short sleeves. Another of Irish lace composed the molded yoke and upper bodice section with sleeves.

On winter mornings when the wind comes stinging off the river, it is an oasis for the outdoors of that blazer belt that lies back of Park Row and in the upper Bowery. For a single penny a cup of coffee can be purchased and if one enjoys the affluence of several cents, a roll may be had also.

The man at the stands recalls one derelict who came up on a recent chilly morning, and depositing five pennies, broke the season's record by downing five cups, without so much as removing the spoon or adding sugar.

It is no unusual sight to see a few penniless stragglers huddling in corners against the outside of that blazer, waiting for some "wealthy" brother in misery to appear and "stand treat."

As I stood watching, a young fellow wearing a workman's mackinaw hove in sight. Slamming a quarter down on the tiny counter, he shouted, "Coffee for the crowd." He had just made a good "touch," it seems.

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WOMAN DIES AT WHEEL.

PUEBLO, Col., Feb. 26.—As she slowed down to turn into her driveway, Mrs. George Lemson died at the wheel of her auto.

BOB IMPROVES TEMPER.

CHICAGO, Feb. 26.—Charles Reymann charged his wife with beating him, but testified "her temper improved the spoon" after she had her hair bobbed.

Is this your BIRTHDAY

February 26—You are quick to grasp a situation. Interested in most things that happen around you. Can keep your own counsel, and other people's secrets, too. Inclined to be nervous. Very affectionate, but not of the kind that gives everything, expecting nothing in return. At your best in quiet surroundings, though you can probably hold your own in "company." You should marry well.

Your birthstone is an amethyst, which means sincerity.

Your lucky colors are light blue and yellow.

Your flower is a primrose.

Little Joe

IT TAKES MORE THAN LIVES OF GREAT MEN TO REWARD SOME PEOPLE.

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Menus for the Family

MENU HINT.

Breakfast.

Orange Juice.

Cereal with Top Milk.

Baked Eggs.

Toast.

Luncheon.

Orange Fritters.

Prune Whip.

Milk Tea.

Dinner.

Broiled Steak.

Creamed Potatoes.

Stuffed Peach Salad.

Washington Pie.

Tea or Coffee.

TODAY'S RECIPES.

Orange Fritters.—One and one-quarter cups pastry flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one-quarter teaspoon salt, one egg, beaten, four tablespoons evaporated milk, diluted or fresh milk, two oranges, seedless. Separate oranges into sections. Mix and sift dry ingredients; add diluted milk to well beaten egg. Combine liquid and dry ingredients and beat until smooth, or about two minutes. Dip oranges in fritter batter. Drop into deep, hot fat having a temperature of 350 degrees F. or hot enough to turn a one-inch cube of soft bread a golden color in 30 seconds. About five minutes is required to fry fritters.

Stuffed Peach Salad.—Use either raw or canned peaches. Sprinkle with lemon juice to prevent discoloring. Moisten cream cheese with milk and a little fruit juice, whatever happens to be handy. All chopped nuts to mixture and fill hollows of peaches. Place one large or two small peach halves on bed of lettuce leaves. Serve with creamy salad dressing.

Prune Whip.—One and one-half cups prunes, two cups cold water, few grains salt, two tablespoons lemon juice, sugar to sweeten, one cup evaporated or fresh milk, one cup whipping cream. Soak prunes over night in cold water. Cook five minutes, add sugar to suit taste and cook two minutes longer. Remove prunes from their juice and let cool. Combine evaporated milk and cream and chill. Whip until stiff. Fold prunes lightly into the whipped cream. Pile lightly in serving dishes and keep chilled until ready to serve.

Washington Pie-Cake.—One-third cup butter, one cup sugar, two eggs, three tablespoons diluted evaporated milk, one and three-quarters cups flour, two and one-half teaspoons baking powder. Cream filling: Seven-eighths cup sugar, one-third cup flour, one eighth teaspoon salt, two eggs, one cup stirring constantly until thickened, afterwards occasionally. Cool and firm.

cream well. Beat eggs and add other half of sugar. Combine sugar mixtures and cream until perfectly smooth. Add the flour which has been sifted with the baking powder and the milk all at once. Beat vigorously for one and one-half minutes. Bake in two round, shallow tins in a 375 degrees F. oven about twenty-five minutes. Spread the cream filling between layers and sprinkle top with powdered sugar. Filling: Mix dry ingredients, add eggs slightly beaten, and pour on gradually the scalded milk. Cook fifteen minutes in double boiler, stirring constantly until thickened, afterwards occasionally. Cool and firm.

ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

NANCY TELLS A STORY

The shaggy bear went out and came back with a large sheet of blue paper with white printing on it.

"Here are the by-laws and the constitution, etc.," he said to Blue Whiskers. Blue Whiskers took it and ran his finger up and down. "I'll see if there is any law about tongue-twisters," he said.

"Here it is," he exclaimed in a few minutes. "The very thing I'm looking for! It's a law that was made by my great grandfather, Straggles Beard. It says, 'The by-laws and blue-laws allow any king at any time for any reason whatsoever, to do as he pleases for the sake of hearing a good story.' That lets me out."

"So saying he rolled up the paper and handed it back to the bear, who waddled out and put it safely away in the pantry again. It was kept in the sugar barrel."

"And now," said Blue Whiskers to the Twins, "I'll forgive everything and untwist your tongues, if each of you can think up a little joke or story to tell me."

June, the kangaroo, looked extremely worried. "Dear me!" he thought. "This is the end of everything. I never thought these poor dear children would have to do a thing like that. It's all my fault for bringing them here. If only they had come in by the wicket!"

But he stopped thinking and began to listen again, for Blue Whiskers had not finished talking.

He was saying, "But, mind you, it's got to be a funny story. And I've got to laugh. If I don't laugh until I cry, I'll mix your tongues all up again, and besides that you shall have to swim the most of cod-liver oil which surrounds my castle. Now commence."

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THE dust is old upon my "sandal-shoon" and still I am a pilgrim.—N. P. Willis.

SLAYER IN WOMAN'S GARB.

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A Thought

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